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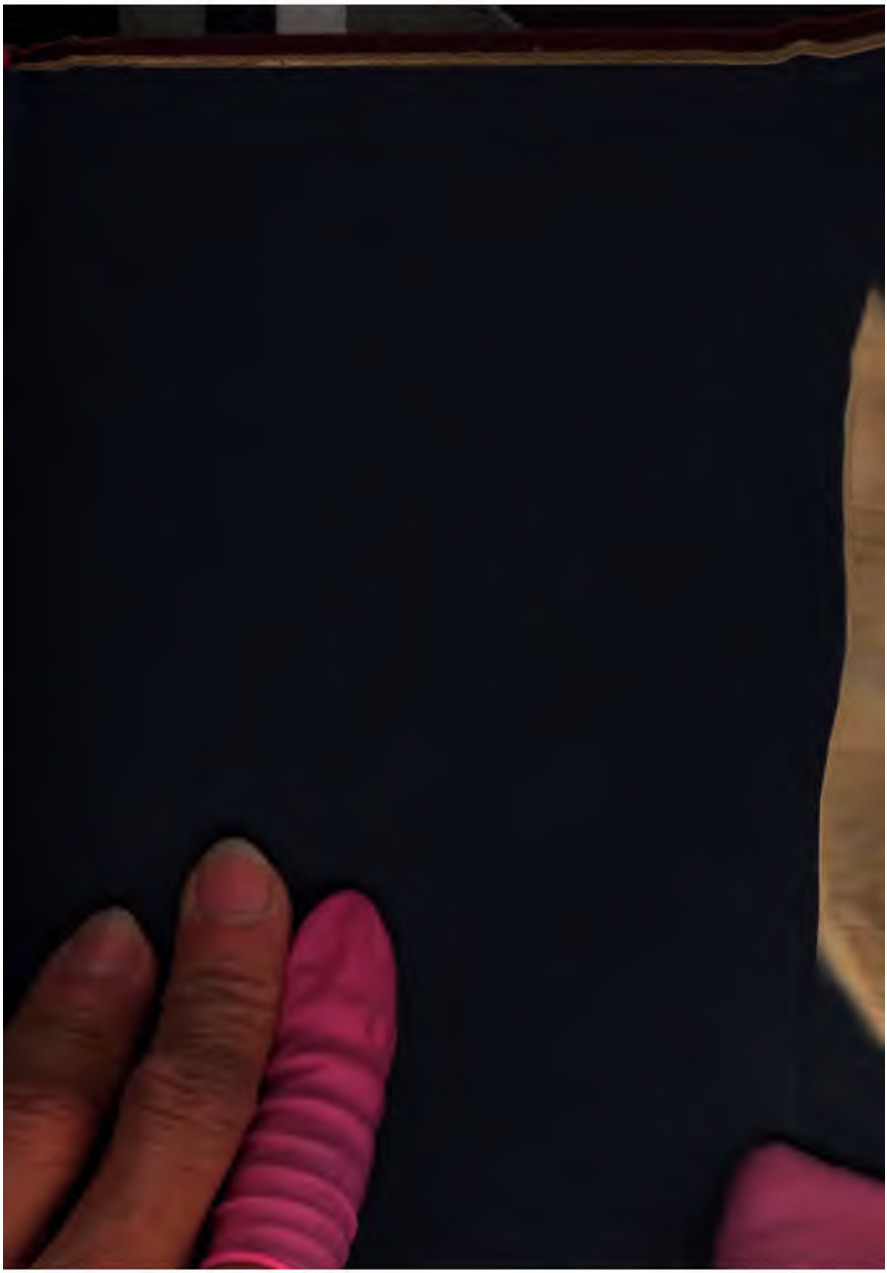

CARMINA CRUCIS.

CARMINA CRUCIS.

BY

DORA GREENWELL.

LONDON:
BELL AND DALDY, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
1869.

DEDICATED TO L. A. C.

"I TOOK," said Luther, "for the symbol of my theology a seal on which I had engraven a cross, with a heart in its centre. The cross is black, to indicate the sorrows, even unto death, through which the Christian must pass; *but the heart preserves its natural colour*, for the cross does not extinguish nature, it does not kill, but give life. *Justus fide vivet, sed fide crucifixi.* The heart is placed in the midst of a white rose, which signifies the joy, peace, and consolation which faith gives; *but the rose is white and not red*, because it is not the joy and peace of the world, but of spirits."

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First Part.

"Know ye not that so many of you as are baptized unto Christ are baptized unto his death."—*Romans* vi. 3.

L'ENVOI.

BRING me no snowdrops cold,
No violets dim with dew,
But flowers of burning hue,
The rose, the marigold,
The steadfast sunflower bold,
Before His steps to strew.
Bring flowers of fragrant scent,
Grey lavender and musk,
With clinging woodbines dusk,
Bring jonquils, and the frail narcissus bent,
Bring odours, incense bring,
That I may rise and sing
A song which I have made unto my Lord the King.

And let the air be still;
Summer and death are silent! now I hear
No stir among the hedge-rows once so shrill
With song, no cuckoo near;
But o'er the field the lark
Hangs like a quivering spark
Of joy, that breaks in fire
Of rapture and desire;
And from the wood a dove
Moans between grief and love,
While none doth of her hidden wound enquire.

The heavens above are clear
In splendour of the sapphire, cold as steel,
No warm soft cloud floats over them, no tear
Will fall on earth to tell us if they feel;
But ere the pitiless day
Dies into evening grey,
    Along the western line
    Rises a fiery sign
That doth the glowing skies incarnadine.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE.

AMARANTH and asphodel,
Methinks I know ye well,
And thou, frail wind-swept flower that in the dim
Green woods, unseen by him
Thou lovest best,* must pass, beloved in vain !
Here blooms each flower whose leaf
Or petal hints at grief
And bears a mystic sign, a crimson stain;
The golden rod with fire
Stands tipp'd, the tuberose,
In its swift fading glows
And lights within its heart a funeral pyre.
No roses, white nor red,
Glow here, the poppy's head

* See note 1.

Droops drown'd in spells that keep
The keys of death and sleep,
Of anguish, ecstasy, and wild desire;
Here ever on the turf green twilight lies;
Here ever warm and fragrant is the air,
And all this place is desolate and fair,
Made by a King and meet for Love's delight;
Yet here joy comes not, but the exquisite
Brief thrill of rapture in a pang that dies.
Here walks a Queen with steadfast eyes unwet,
With white Narcissus garlanded, that still
Dreams of fair Enna's sunlit mead, and yet
Mourns for the fresh, ungather'd daffodil.

THE ALOE.

"The aloe, after a long life of rest, sends up a large flower-spike, which shoots up in a few weeks on a stem from twenty to thirty feet high, utterly destroying the parent plant by its rapid, exhausting growth."

LOVE'S daily, fond, continual miracle
I cannot work for thee, nor crown thy day
Each passing hour with bloom of bud and bell;
Not mine with subtle fancies light and gay
To clasp thy soul about with delicate rings
Like hers, the summer's wooer, born with wings,
Sweet flower that fain would climb, yet only clings!

Let flowers like hers be fair,
For they were born to bless
The warm, still brooding air,
And win the wind's caress;
Such flowers were born to woo,
To flatter, yet be true,
And spend their souls away in fond excess;

So let the cystus' snows
Fall light upon the sunny grass at noon;
So let the gorgeous rose
Fold to her proud warm heart the heart of June,
And let each pass in passing of the leaf,
In passing of the flower,* when earthward goes
All that earth knows of glory, sweet and brief;
A flower that is not fair,
But wondrous, blooms my secret soul within;
Sudden the life it springs to! strange and rare
The aspect that it weareth, long shut in
From sunshine and sweet air as in a tomb;
It cleaves the heart that beareth it to win
A moment's triumph ending in swift doom;
—Then marvel not that it was slow to bloom.

---

* "De la tige détachée
Pauvre feuille dessechée,
Où vas-tu?

Je vais où le vent me mène
Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
Je vais où vais toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
La feuille de laurier.

A MORNING IN SPRING.

HOW sweetly, sweetly spoke
Flowers, fields, and sunny skies that morn
in May!
As if the Earth awoke
Some plain, old, long-accustomed word to say,
But seeing Heaven come forth upon the way
To meet her, in an unsought poem broke!
Methought her very breast,
As with a sigh repress'd,
A long, deep sigh of bliss, did swell and heave;
The skies above were clear,
The kiss without the tear
They gave that morn; they loved and did not
grieve.

Each tender presage curl'd
Within the bud unfurl'd:

All plumed and wing'd each leaf, while light and
shade
Did mix, and chase, and lovingly invade
The others' realm; each cottage seem'd a
nest
Among its trees; the meads were golden
fair,
Odour, and light, and bloom upon the air
Strove which might tell its happy story best.
Oh, Earth, I feel thee press
My soul in thy caress;
What wouldst thou speak to me? thou sayest,
"Guess!"
Is now some ancient bond
Of discord harsh repeal'd?
Is now some world beyond
To sight and sense reveal'd?
Or is this but a veil
Thou drawest o'er thy pale
Worn face? is this thy pride
Of spirit that would hide
Thy wound beneath thy vesture's broider'd fold?
Enough! thou wilt not tell
Thy secret till a spell

More strong shall wrest and wring it from thy
hold.
Smile on, o'er good and ill
Brooding unconscious still,
Sphynx-like, impassive, terrible and cold!

THE PLAYFELLOWS.

FAR away and long ago,
Long ago and far away,
Seems it now since in the low
Deep valley, shut from rougher weather,
Love, Hope, Joy, and I together
Play'd, ah! many and many a day;
Hid beneath the branching fern,
Hid beneath the blooming heather,
Hiding, seeking, each in turn;
Oh! what games we play'd together!
Till one day, within the dell,
Hope and Joy, together hiding,
Hid so long and hid so well,
We found them not, though keenly chiding;
When we call'd came no replying,
Came a sound of hidden laughter

From the wood's deep heart, and after
Came a sound of secret sighing;
Then a shadow from the hill
Crept, and all grew sudden still;
Gay and green and golden there
Daffodils 'twixt light and shade
Laugh'd, blue periwinkles made
Nets our childish feet to snare;
On us lightly from the bough
Cherry blossoms dropp'd; but now
Through the glen we slowly pass'd,
We knew that we had seen the last
Of Hope and Joy, no more together
Play we there in summer weather.

ONE FRIEND.

SAID a sick and lonely child,
"Often have I tired of thee,
Tired of all thy answers mild,
Heard so oft, so wearily;
Wilt thou never tire of me,
Gentle Patience? now look forth
From our window looking north,
And tell us where the others play,
All this long, warm summer day."

"Love is standing in the sun,
Joy and beauty at his side,
Now in one their shadows run,
Hope has sent an arrow wide;
Shading from his brow the light,
Now I see him watch its flight."

"Oh! that they would look this way,
Oh! that to this quiet room
They would come awhile to play!
See my rose-tree all in bloom,
See the flowers I dried last Spring;
Hear my little linnet sing
In his cage! they need not stay
Longer than they please!" the child
Patience soothed with answer mild.

A REMEMBRANCE.

" Herb ist des Lebens
Innerster Kern."

SHE sang at evening in an ancient room,
In the Spring twilight; soft the sunset gloom,
And at the casement soft the pear-tree's bloom
Look'd in, and from the coppice warblings soft
And slender, met low bleatings from the croft,
Peace was on all within, without; yet pain
Made sweet the singer's voice, made sweet the strain
She sang, and in the listener's heart was pain;
What art thou, Life? methinks thou leavest room
For the sweet bird to sing, the flower to bloom,
And canst not give the heart its little hour
To spread in sweeter song, in fairer flower;
Oh! thou art bitter, Life! within thy strong
Rude grasp the birth-right crushing, let this wrong

Suffice thee! now relenting, let thy cold
Reluctant hand one little boon unfold;
Take not the blessing also! give the breast
One little sunset hour of peace and rest;
Canst thou not give one hour? The day is past,
The summer's golden noon was overcast;
The day is past, the night draws on: oh! night!
Be thou more warm, more kind, than was the
light!

A LIFE-REQUIEM.

"A life that had no friends but God and death."

NONE knoweth of thy grave;
What wert thou? kind and young,
Tender, and true, and brave;
Yea, all that hath been sung
In poet's song, or told
In story, sweet and old,
Was thine; an aspect fair,
A heart to love and dare,
An arm to guard and save,
A soul for high emprise;
And still thine ardent eyes
Woo'd life unto thy breast,
And found it fair, caress'd
For all it promised, blest
By thee for all it gave.

Yet on thy life, from day
To day, as on the child
Outstretch'd the Prophet lay;
Pain lay outstretch'd, and prest
Upon thy brain, heart, breast,
Until thine anguish wild
And weary, changed and sank
To silent spaces blank;
And love, hope, joy, repress'd,
Seem'd as by harsh decree
The aspect weird to take
Of flowers their thirst that slake
At desert springs, and break
In hues of mockery.

Life was to thee a shroud;
Each day that o'er thee sped
Heap'd ashes on thy head,
And through the tumult loud,
'Twixt sense and spirit, Pain
Wove its thick spells, and round
Thy silent life-springs bound
And wrapt its fine-wrought chain;

So didst thou sit and hear,
Afar, the bird sing clear,
And see the flower unfold
In the warm noon-tide gold;
Love sued and pleasure sang,
And like a clarion, pride
With full, clear summons rang
Upon the air—all died.

None knoweth of thy grave;
Thy life and heart in twain
Were broken; even so,
How should the passer know
Their record sad and vain?
Fling in the dust, and there
Let fall with it Life's fair,
Fond presage unfulfill'd;
Fling eager hope unstill'd,
And love, that burning low,
Burn'd unconsuming here;
What need of flower or tear
To mark this heaving sod?—
The spot is mark'd by God!

A THOUGHT AT MIDNIGHT.

OH! that some soul o'er-weigh'd
With love and pity, as a flower with dew,
For me at this still moment wept and pray'd,
And pray'd for me alone! that leaning through
My casement, now to mine a spirit drew
So close it scarce could hear
My secret, nor my tear
Could feel, nor mark my breast
That flutter'd in unrest,
Till, like two drops that roll
Within each other on the shaken leaf,
Absorbed and sunk within the tender soul
Of pity, pass'd the shrinking soul of grief!

NOVEMBER.

POOR heart of mine, dost mourn
To see the rose-leaves shed
Fall on their earthy bed?
To see the day outworn
Fade out into the dead
Chill eve so soon? dost mourn
Above the wither'd leaf, the blighted corn?"

"I mourn not for the sped
Swift daylight in its close,
I mourn not for the fled
Fair spirit of the rose,
That pass'd not till it fed
With fragrance all the air
Of June; a sweeter care
Was mine than buds in thickest green enclose,
A dearer hope than lives in aught that dies and
blows."

"I mourn not for a trust
Misplaced, a broken troth;
Life healeth life that even from the dust
Will stir and bloom; I mourn
A sweeter hope withdrawn,
I miss the sealing of a firmer oath."

"*Who can endure this frost?*
Who can endure this cold?
The harvest's blighted gold?
The buried seed-corn lost?
A time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief,
The dews are thick on earth and light the fallen leaf."

"And didst thou think through prayer
To pierce this heavy air?
Through patience to unwind
The cere-cloths of the mind?
Through love to breathe away
The grave-damps of decay,
Through love, through faith, through prayer,
Didst hope upon some fair,
Fond, future day to find
Earth purer, Heaven more kind?

Behold! the heavens are strong, the earth is old,
And all that comes between is dim and cold.

"A fall of wither'd leaves,
The voice of one that grieves,
That grieves nor yet prevails—
For prayer that makes with Hope
A covenant, yet fails
For ever of its scope;
For Faith's lone lamp that pales,
Still raised above the dark
Lone wat'ry waste; for Love that finds no ark,
But still with patient breast
Broods on until its nest
Is fill'd with wint'ry flakes of cold despair;
For Christ that still delayeth;
For Life that still gainsayeth
The spirit's trust; for dark despair that sayeth,
'Where is the promise of His coming? where
The answer to thy prayer?'
Behold, the heavens are strong, all things remain
As they have been at first, and hope is vain."
"*A time of sweeping rains, of bitter grief,*
The dews lie thick on earth, and red the blighted leaf."

DESDICHADO.

WEEP not for them who weep
For friend or lover taken hence, for child
That falls 'mid early flowers and grass asleep,
Untempted, undefiled.

Mourn not for them that mourn
For sin's keen arrow with its rankling smart,
God's hand will bind again what He hath torn,
He heals the broken heart.

But weep for him whose eye
Sees in the midnight skies a starry dome
Thick sown with worlds that whirl and hurry by,
And give the heart no home;

Who hears amid the dense
Loud trampling crash and outcry of this wild
Thick jungle world of drear magnificence,
No voice which says, *my child;*

Who marks through earth and space
A strange dumb pageant pass before a vacant shrine,
And feels within his inmost soul a place
Unfill'd by the Divine;

Weep, weep, for him, above
That looks for God, and sees unpitying Fate,
That finds within his heart, in place of love,
A dull, unsleeping hate.

CŒLO TEGITUR QUI NON HABET URNAM.

"La colombe demande un pétit nid bien clos; le cadavre un tombe, et l'âme le paradis."—*From a Breton sône.*

IN Spring the green leaves shoot,
In Spring the blossoms fall,
With Summer falls the fruit,
The leaves in Autumn fall,
Contented from the bough
They drop, leaves, blossoms now,
And ripen'd fruit; the warm earth takes them all.

Thus all things ask for rest,
A home above, a home beneath the sod;
The sun will seek the west,
The bird will seek its nest,
The heart another breast
Whereon to lean, the spirit seeks its God.

Oh! mourn not that no tear
Should fall upon thy tomb,
That through the grasses sere
No loving footstep here
Should wear a pathway 'mid the deepening gloom.

For, when thou livedst, none
Would watch thy step to greet,
And when thou wouldst be gone,
Thy parting look to meet,
No soft, beseeching eye,
No fond, half-smother'd sigh
With sweet arrest would bid thee linger on.

Of all thou lovedst well,
Who is there that will spare
An hour from joy, from care,
Beside thy grave to tell
Love's slow sweet beads that ceaseless fall one after
one—the knell

That toll'd for thee awoke
Kind, gentle words, they spoke
Of thee awhile, but from his pillow none
Awoke with sudden start
To feel through all the heart,
And all the world's dim space and find thee gone.

All that for thee was meant
Was given, and all is spent;
A little love was thine, a little grief;
How quickly dries the brief
Sweet tear, the loosen'd leaf,
How light it falls to earth and well content!

PEACE upon earth I found
And gave; with all around
Sweet peace was mine, calm greetings met me still,
Peace, peace, and evermore this same good-will;
Yet now methinks with sound
More sweet, a Voice is calling from the ground.

By clear and shallow streams,
My steps were led, my spirit at no urn
Was fed, but still for fuller draughts would yearn,
From deeper founts, and evermore my dreams
Brought the wide ocean in its flashing gleams.

I sang in shelter'd bowers,
Shut in from danger and from sin, yet gloom
Hung o'er the heavy leaves, until a tomb
The garden seem'd, and oft I saw the Hours
Pass sadly, slowly by, though told by flowers;

And sweet those flowers, but lo!
Methinks they once did grow
On wild-wood banks remote! this very soil
Whereon they spread, with toil
Was brought to raise their bright exotic glow.

What bloom is this that lends
To air no fragrance, unto earth no fruit?
What life is this that spends
Its soul and strength in keeping up the mute
Faint show of life, death wither'd at the root?

Thou Jesu! that of life
Art Lord and Giver! thou the Lord of love!
Now from this deadly strife,
This deadly calm above,
I pass to thee, far other joys to prove.

Oh! open to me wide
The gates of death, of life that I may be
Among the dead, among the living free;
Free, free to soar and sing,
To spread my soul's glad wing,
To shed my spirit's hoarded fragrancy!

At noon-tide came a voice "Thou must away;
Hast thou some look to give, some word to say,
Or hear, of fond farewell," I answered, "Nay,

My soul hath said its farewell long ago,
How light, when Summer comes, the loosened
snow,
Slides from the hills! yet tell me, *where I go*,

Doth any wait for me?" Then like the clear
Full drops of summer rain that seem to cheer
The skies they fall from, soft within mine ear,

And slow, as if to render through that sweet
Delay a blest assurance more complete,
" Yea," only " yea," was whisper'd me, and then
A silence that was unto it, Amen.

" Doth any love me there," I said, " or mark
Within the dull, cold flint the fiery spark
One moment flashing out into the dark?

" My spirit glow'd, yet burn'd not to a clear,
Warm, steadfast flame, to lighten or to cheer;"
The sweet voice said, " By things which do appear

We judge amiss. The flower which wears its way
Through stony chinks, lives on from day to day,
Approved for living, let the rest be gay

And sweet as Summer! Heaven within the reed
Lists for the flute-note, in the folded seed
It sees the bud, and in the Will the Deed."

OH, AMIABLE, LOVELY DEATH!

"THE Spring was cold and tardy; with the Summer came a lingering blight; now it is Autumn the flowers bloom.

"From the garden rises a heavy odour, the scent of flowers or of wine; is it of the rose?" "No she is long ago faded."

"It is of the clove, that says, 'Love was given me for a treasure; I guarded it well, and lo, it has broken my heart.'"

"Are these the trailing wreaths of the wood-bine, the wood-bine warm and dusk as a night of summer that crept through and through the blossomed hedge-rows, wooing the sweet-brier to her clasp?"

"These are the tendrils of the passion-flower, dim of hue and scentless, the passion-flower that loves but does not woo; she carries in her heart the tokens of an eternal torture."

"What is this fair blossom that floats downward so lightly? did it fall from the almond-scented hawthorn that the children loitered in the lanes to gather? they brought it home in boughs and garlands."

"It fell from the death-struck jessamine, loosened from its dark foliage; wouldst thou carry its spray in thy hand, or wear it awhile on thy bosom? the flowers drop to earth like falling stars.

"Yet thou art fair, my garden; bloom, bloom out thy little hour, soon the Winter comes.

"Let the sworded lilies, blood-red, death-pale, flash in the broad light of noon, and let the sunflower droop upon its golden stalk."

I HEARD a sound as of a parting that was all but eternal, of sobs and of farewell kisses, and through them all went a sigh so deep that no other sigh could follow it.

I saw a tear gather slowly beneath a darkening

eyelid; but before it fell, it was wiped away by the hand of God.

The spirit hung for a moment above the clay it was deserting; it was free, it was happy, yet love and pity enchained it still.

How close, how kind were the kisses it left upon that ashen cheek and lip and forehead. They spoke of things that it is not possible for life to utter.

They murmured, Oh, how much have we endured together! each suffering we have made each other suffer; our existence was but a mutual wrong.

Close, close as was the bond that joined us there was one that ever came between; there was one with us that was nearer than sleep, than love, than prayer.

It was pain that watched beside us while we slept unsleeping, that made haste to wake before our waking, withering up delight and love.

Pain, that wove itself between us in fiery links and meshes; our ring, our chain, our troth-plight of union; often but for pain, we knew not that we indeed lived.

A mighty one hath broken its fetters; the king hath sent and delivered us; the prince of the people hath bid us be free;

We are free, yet we are still united, *oh, my companion, thinkest thou that I do not love thee still?*

Once again shall I behold thee; fair shalt thou be and young, beloved and desired of all; but unto none wilt thou be so fair as unto me.

Then pure and swift shall I rush to greet thee, I shall dwell within thee for ever, as the flame shut within the glancing opal, as the perfume within the bell of the hyacinth; we shall be one in beauty and in joy.

Slowly in the still air of eternity shall we unfold together. Ages upon ages are too short to sum up our perfect bliss.

But now I go to rest within the smile of God, sunshine shall be given me for a garment.

Yea, in me there is now no darkness, gaze down within me, I am pure, a well springing up unto everlasting life.

Give thou thyself meanwhile to the earth's dark bosom, scatter thyself upon the winds of heaven, melt in the beaded bubble and glitter in the fiery spark.

Whirl and scream with the white sea-fowl, and mount with them upon the eddying wave; speak in the dark thunder of waters roaring to their mighty fall.

Dance with the motes in the slanting sunbeam, star thyself in the glittering crystal, live awhile in the seed, in the flower, in the fading leaf, in the countless blossoms of the apple-tree, in the meadow-sweets' foam-white plume.

Hide thyself among the thick-springing blades of grass, amid the hot drifting desert sands, so shalt thou escape Pain that hath hunted and tracked thee still.

But come to me sometimes in the evening; sing thy clear song of victory and undying love.

Sing to me when the shadows lengthen, a little brown bird that bears upon its breast a ruddy stain.

And I will lean out of Heaven and hearken, I will hear thee from among the harps of gold.

THE summer is over and the harvest ended, the songs of the vintage cease;

Yet before I die will I chant my solemn death-stave; let the woods be silent while I sing.

Royally they stand up round me, they gleam in gold and in scarlet, robed in the purple to which they were not born.

But the baptism of death is on them, they have been signed with a fiery sign.

Yet another day and their boughs will be stark and leafless; sing through them, thou wild rejoicing wind.

I have asked little of earth, and that little has been still denied me; now that I must leave her she gives me all.

A robe hast thou fashioned for me, oh, my mother! smooth and green and fine is it as satin, it is woven without seam throughout.

Fair is it and richly broidered, from my head even to my feet it shall enfold me closely as the clasp of a loving hand.

So that pain shall not glide within it, though it be lithe and searching as the cold fanged snake, desire, nor weariness, nor vain regret; this garment is unfretted by the moth.

And when my mother puts this fair robe upon me, she will press me to her bosom, oh, so closely!

That there will be no space left between us any more for anguish, no room for the dull unceasing pang.

No chiding word will pass between us, she will take me to the chambers where all her children sleep; quiet are they, deep and full of slumber.

None watch over those sleepers, yet is their rest unbroken; no wail is there, no echo of song or of laughter, but a silence that is sweeter than all.

I shall not dream there, neither shall I lie wakeful, listening for a footfall to break the stillness, or for a voice that might repeat my name.

If the bird sing above me I shall not hear it, nor heed if the dews fall sweetly and the early flowers spring.

For the heavens shall be clear above me, clear to their very depths, without cloud or stain;

Terrible in their clearness even as the burning sapphire, I shall look up through them to the throne of God.

Light shall be spread round me like a garment, but from the heavens a tear will fall,

A tear will fall upon my bosom, one tear from His eye that wept over the grave of Lazarus.

VERY excellent things are spoken of thee, thou city of God! far, far across the desert have I seen thy fringe of lofty palms, and above them thy glittering domes and spires.

And my soul hath desired thee exceedingly; yea, I have longed to enter within thy courts, but not because of the scent of thine ivory palaces, raftered with the fragrant cedar;

Nor yet for the murmur of thy clear fountains, nor the shadow of thy pleasant trees, yielding fruits of healing and desire;

Nor to listen to the songs of the angels, or to the sweeter voice that I once loved so well on earth;

Not to look upon the face of lover or of friend departed, nor upon Thine, Jesus, beloved of God and of men!

Yea, let me hear thy voice, for it is sweet, and let me look upon thy countenance, for it is comely: yet is there One unfound, desired above all!

Him, whom I have sought unceasingly, my Father, whom I have sought and have not found.

Pleasure hath not held me back from Thee, oh my Father; but pain, disquietude, and restless doubt.

Like a child bewildered in an untracked forest, *because I heard not Thy voice, I was afraid.*

What though my feet sank deep in brown, golden mosses, and from the boughs above me hung ropes of gorgeous flowers?

What availed the dusk splendours of the moth that flitted across my solitary path, or the glory of the crested bird that lighted up the wood's dim heart with flame?

When it was my Father's voice I needed, His kind re-assuring eye I sought. My Father's hand laid upon my head to bless me, His hand that took my own within its guiding clasp.

These things that He hath fashioned are fair and wondrous, but strength is a pitiless giant, and skill is a dumb artificer, and beauty hath but a cold, alluring smile.

There is one that is more great than these, the Father, whose Name is Love.

Strong is He, yet patient and pitiful, a Creator to whom nothing lives in vain.

In my heart hath He traced His image, in my bosom is there a mirror hid.

To glass back His likeness in perfection, I held it up to the earth and sky.

But it flashed and shivered into a thousand fragments, how should it give back my Father's smile?

In the world which He had made was beauty; anguish also, and discord, irony, haste, and bitter incompletion.

The dove moaned softly in the woodland, and through the thicket gleamed the rustling snake; the leopard was as lovely as the fawn.

In the Word which He had spoken was terror; the sword and the mountain that burned with fire, clouds and hailstones and thick darkness, the light of the arrow, and the shining of the glittering spear.

The Lord is a man of war, the Lord of Battles is His Name.

Yet hath He sent us His beloved Son, to show us plainly of the Father. Jesus, Thy deeds were

gentle, yet who hath spoken words so austere as Thine?

Thou hast told us of utter separation, Thou hast shown us a place where the tear falls in vain.

And yet Thou didst teach us to say, Our Father, *Our Father which art in Heaven.*

Therefore have I sought a city; a city that needeth not the sun to lighten it, for its light is the light of God.

Yea, though that light were sevenfold, I shall feel through it all a searching ray;

And I shall know that my Father's smile has reached me; I shall hear a voice, that says to me, "My child."

On my heart hath a thought fallen, making all the waters of earth bitter.

I saw Youth stand up, strong and lovely, and on its lips was a word of promise,

A word that should overcome all things; but to what child of Adam hath the promise of that word been kept?

And if in life there is decay and harsh illusion,

why should we look to death to be more just, and kind?

Why should God's faithfulness be made known in the grave, or his loving-kindness shown in the land where all things are forgotten?

On earth is hate and discord, and we say these things are but for a day, *but if for a day why not for ever?*

If light reigned would it endure the darkness even for a moment? and if love is vanquished now, why should we deem that it shall triumph hereafter?

Humanity stands up in strength and anguish; a blind giant wrapt in an envenomed mantle.

It struggles, but it is not freed; it strides on hastily, age after age, yet it comes not nearer its goal.

In the universe, there is care and love abroad, the traces of a fashioning and guiding hand.

The pink sea-shell is flushed with beauty, warm, rose-tinted, myriad-hued, a chamber for exquisite delight.

The flower of the field is happy, it needs neither shelter nor love,

For it is at peace with all around it, with the dews, the sunshine, with the earth's dark kindly breast.

Things unbeloved are safe and cared for; the limpet fastens upon the storm-beaten rock, the moss and the lichen seek out the grey desolate wall.

But the life that was formed for love and joy is blighted, and the heart of man wanders and hath not found its home.

Second Part.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—*Galatians* vi. 14.

L'ENVOI.

My root of life is in Thy grave,
This flower that blooms above
I have no care to keep or save,
Its hues are dim, its stay is brief,
I know not if its name be grief,
Oh! let it pass for Love.

Oh! let it pass for Love, dear Lord,
And lift it from Thy tomb,
A little while upon Thy breast
To yield its scent and bloom;
In life, in dying to be blest
It needs but little room!

A PASTORAL.

A SIMPLE shepherd I,
Unskill'd to guard or tend
My flocks that wander slow,
But little prized by friend,
But little feared by foe;
Yet sweet and many are the songs I know.

In youth no gentle art
Was mine to learn or teach;
As shepherds wont, my speech
Was rude, unapt to reach
The ear, or win the heart,
Till, where moist willows grew, a slender reed
I found, and fashion'd fitly to my need.

Then from the sedgy brook,
Where yet its kindred shook,
A sigh so deep, so sweet, so piercing broke,

That ere I knew, a sigh
Went back in fond reply,
And on my lips a sudden song awoke.

With each warm tender thing
That thrust its head in spring,
From earth's dark breast, my spirit communed free;
A soul that loves and grieves
Would speak from out the leaves,
The clouds stole down the hills to talk with me.

And oft with unconfess'd
Fond instinct, only guess'd,
Through some quick pressure, all the silent air,
The while I sang, would fill
With light, would throb and thrill
As if a mighty heart were beating there.

And while I sang, the swains
That listen'd, straight forgot
How fierce upon the plains
The sun, the shepherd's lot
How hard—their slender gains,
Their ceaseless, thankless toils, remembering not.

And while I sang, the maid
On tiptoe unafraid
Would steal at shut of eve, and linger long,
With parted lips, and shy
Sweet, unaverted eye,
Forgetting still the singer in the song.

I sang of war, of love,
Of gods that reign above
In bliss, of men that suffer—still I sung
Of deeper pangs, of tears
More sweet, that fell in years
Of broader flight, while yet our earth was young.

So sang I until song
Forsook me; I would tell
How this my strain so well
Beloved, beloved so long,
Fell from my lips, as falls the star,
As falls the leaf, to dwell
(If yet it lives) apart, afar
Like echo shut within a secret dell.

It was the summer prime
Of noon, the sleeping time

Of Pan, no leaflet stirr'd, yet from the ground
  Whereon I lay, the clear
  Low breathing met mine ear
Of woods, rocks, vales, and hills in slumber bound.

  And on the air a slow
  Sweet shining now would grow,
And o'er the sunny spaces flit and fail,
  As if beloved and fair,
  Earth softly, unaware,
Smiled 'neath the secret of her folded veil.

  Beneath the beechen shade
  The golden sunbeams stray'd
In sleep, my flock slept round me, all was still;
  When from afar I caught
  A flute's clear note, methought
Some shepherd bids me to a contest of sweet skill.

  It ceased, and at its close
  A Voice in song arose,
So sword-like sweet, it seem'd to cleave the thin
  Warm air, and still, with soft
  Delay, to question oft,
And still to woo, and evermore to win.

This was no ancient tale
Of flying nymph, or bold
Free hunter, this no old
Fond funereal wail
For Youth slow fading by a fountain's side
And yet a high lament
Through all its changes went,
It told of One that loved, it told of One that died.

It told of rude disgrace,
And of an anguish'd face
It told, methought; and of a wounded Friend.
Of pain it told, and shame;
Of love that overcame
Through simple skill of loving to the end.

A silence on the plain,
A silence on the hill,
To hear that song again,
I listen, listen still.
Oh, sweet to me my vain
Old songs and stories free,
Thy story sad and plain
Is now more sweet to me.

Take, Shepherd, take thy prize,
  For who like thee can sing?
No fleece of mingled dyes,
  No apples fair, I bring;
No smooth two-handled bowl,
  Wrought with the clasping vine—
Take, take my heart and soul,
  My songs, for they are thine!

Oh! sing thy song again,
  And these of mine may pass
As quick as summer rain
  Dries on the thirsty grass.
Thou wouldst not do me wrong,
  Thou wilt not silent be;
Thy one, thy only song,
  Dear Shepherd, teach to me!

A MYSTERY.

"Ego autem dico in Christo et in Ecclesia."

A BIRD sings clear within the darkling wood;
Sing sweet, oh bird, though wounded be thy
breast;
Although thy song of few be understood,
A song of love is thine—a song of rest.

A rose beneath it blooms—a rose unfed
By earthly mould, unnourish'd by the dew,
Yet rich the rose's fragrance, ruby red
In every leaf, as if its heart burn'd through.

And when the bird is silent, then the rose
Gives forth no odour, yields no light nor bloom—
Death-stricken pale, its petals shrink and close,
And all the air grows silent as a tomb.

And when the bird sings clearest *most it grieves*
O'er its deep wound; then from its heart o'erflows
A crimson drop, that on the rose's leaves
Falls with the song, *then sweetest is the rose.*

QUIS SEPARABIT?

I AM no warrior. Lo,
What skill have hands like mine the sword to
wield?
A singer of old songs, I wander slow
By many a haunted stream, by many a field;
Where, stooping down, I yet can hear the low
Hoarse battle murmur ring from lance and shield.
Amid thick woods I stray, where long ago
Fond lovers met; and oft a darker thrill
Steals from some spot whereon no grasses grow,
No kind rains fall, no breezes lightly blow.
Enough of love, enough of grief, I know,
Enough of crime! Earth's story chains me still.
What marvel, then, that me a cruel foe
Should track from grove to stream with stealthy
skill?

What marvel, then, that on the waters' flow
Strange sounds should rise to me instinct with ill?
Strange aspects gleam from out the wood, and low
And mocking voices reach me from the hill?
I was not strong to fight, nor swift to fly,
Oh! let me reach the mountain or I die!
But as I cross'd a level plain the air
Grew still as death; the singing lark dropp'd mute
Beside the daisy wither'd to its root.
Then came an ice-cold wind, and suddenly
The storm brake forth; then saw I lifted high
The Cross stand bare between the darken'd sky
And pallid earth; as close as can despair
I clasp'd my arms about it.

Here I die.
I know these slinging shafts, these darts of fire,
That mingle with the arrowy sleet and hail.
Here hast thou found me, oh, mine enemy!
And yet rejoice not thou, by strength shall none prevail.

By noon thine arrows fly;

None faileth of its mark; thou dost not tire;
And yet rejoice not thou! Each shaft of fire
That finds me here becomes a living nail.
What strength of thine, what skill can now avail
To tear me from the Cross? My soul and heart
Are fasten'd here! I feel the cloven dart
Pierce keenly through. What hands have power to wring
Me hence? What voice can now so sweetly sing
To lure my spirit from its rest? Oh! now
Rejoice, my soul, for thou
Hast trodden down thy foeman's strength through pain.

Who speaketh now of peace?
Who seeketh for release?
The Cross is strength, the solemn Cross is gain,
The Cross is Jesu's breast,
Here giveth He the rest
That to His best belov'd doth still remain.

How sweet an ended strife!
How sweet a dawning life!

Here will I lie as one that draws his breath
With ease, and hearken what my Saviour saith
Concerning me; the solemn Cross is gain;
  Who willeth now to choose?
  Who strives to bind or loose?
Sweet life, sweet death, sweet triumph and sweet
    pain.

THE CROSS.

WHAT came ye forth to see?
The desert paths are drear;
The desert air is still,
What came ye forth to hear?
A whisper 'mid the reeds,
Or voice of one that pleads,
Persuading soft, or prophet's voice austere?"

"I came not forth to look
For prophet or for seer,
For word from lip or book
I wait not, waiting here;
Where neither speech nor voice
Is heard, my spirit's choice
Abides, for unto me
The Lord hath show'd a Tree."

"What wouldst thou with this tree,
Bare, leafless, gaunt? On thee
It drops no tendril now,
It stretches forth no bough.
Behold the woods, the summer woods are fair;
On Lebanon the oak
Stands with its heart unbroke
In giant strength; what green leaves tremble there!
The very gourd that springs
And dies within a day,
Will spread its fan-like wings
To shade thee while it may;
The rose is sweet ere yet it pass away,
The lily blooms and fades in still decay.

"Thou lovest well the slow
Sweet lapse of running waters o'er the stone,
The song of birds at early morn, the low
Light, ruffling winds; what findst thou here? a moan;
What hearest thou? a sigh
Half utter'd, 'twixt the sky
And earth, from age to age that seems to die.

"No bird upon this tree
Will sit and sing to thee;

No flower will spring beneath; all hurry by
That pass this place; the vine
No cluster yields, for wine
None ask, and here the merry-hearted sigh."

" Yet hence I will not stir;
What healing gums distil
From out this tree! Of myrrh
The mount is this, of frankincense the hill,
And all around are fair
Broad meads, with shepherds there
That feed and guard their flocks contented still.

" By Sinai long I stay'd,
And heard a voice that spake to me, 'This do,
And thou shalt live;' but when more close I drew,
I saw with hidden fire the mountain shake;
Upon the air I heard the trumpet break
Long, loud and louder yet; what hope had I
When even Moses said, 'I fear and quake—
Let not God speak unto me, lest I die!'

"To Tabor then I came.
How fair, methought, how pleasant is this place,
How green and still! Then, Jesus, on Thy face
I look'd, and it was comely; full of grace
And truth Thy lips as one whom God hath blest.
Here then, methought, for ever I will rest,
Here will I build my shrine, and pay my vows;
But while in sweet content
To pluck fresh boughs I went,
Peter and James and John,
Yea, Jesus too, had gone,
And I was left amid the wither'd boughs.

"At length another place
I reach'd at noon; the trodden ground was bare;
Of a great multitude I saw the trace,
But all was silent now; no marvel there
My eyes beheld, no law
I heard, no vision saw,
Save Jesus only, Him, the Crucified.
I saw my Lord that look'd on me and died.

"Here will I see the day
Pass by, the shadows creep

Around me; here I pray,
  And here I sing and weep;
  Here only will I sleep
  And wake again; I keep
My watch beneath this tree
The Lord hath show'd to me."

A SONG OF JOY AND PAIN.

"I, the Lord, have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish."—*Ezekiel* xvii. 24.

THOU sign of all our loss,
  Thou sign of all our gain,
O strange, sweet, solemn cross,
I hail thee! and again
I hail thee! here through pain
Joy breaks, Love conquereth,
And here through bitter death
The Lord of life doth reign.

Speak not unto me, Life!
  Thy voice that loves and grieves
I hear; the gentle strife
  Of birds among the leaves,
Fond tones that in their flow
  Make sudden pause and grow

To sweeter silence; sound of summer rain,
And children's voices down the homeward lane
  That pass; prayer's constant low
Sweet pleading voice I hear;
  The blow, the scoff, the jeer,
The curse, the maddening whip, the clanking chain,
  The bitter laugh far sadder than the tear,
  All these alike are thine! I know
Not what thy language means, confused and vain;
Now let death talk with me, its speech is plain.

Now let death speak with me, *Thy* death, my God,
  Thy words upon the cross were plain and few;
It is my brother's blood that from the sod
Cries out of better things than Abel's knew.
Through dark decay it pleads, through sullen care;
It wins a triumph over earth's despair;
It turns to truth Life's failing prophecy,
It tells us that the Lord of Heaven was brave
And strong, and resolute in love to save
The world that He had made, yet could but die!

  Then let me also go
And die with Him! why strive I for this crown

Of fading leaves desired of all below,
Love, pleasure, sweet content and fair renown ;
Why weep for flowers that fell too soon to spread
And drink the glory of the summer noon,
Sweet buds of promise quickly witherèd,
That died, unkiss'd of June ?
  Behold, my God doth choose
  The thorn, the rose refuse;
  Lord is He of delight
  And gladness infinite,
Yet hath he pluck'd no flower from all that bloom,
But in our earth's fair garden made His tomb.

  Hail, blessed Cross ! how bold
Thou makest me ! how strong ! no more I weep
O'er giant cities now the dragon's fold,
O'er mighty empires breathed to dust away ;
No more a tearful chronicle I keep
Of all that passes ere our mortal day
Hath pass'd; nor grieve that in earth's fruitful deep
Warm soil, my life hath struck but slender hold ;
All things must change, and into ruin, cold,
And darkness pass and perish, yet behold !
All fades not with the fading leaf ! To me
  The Lord hath shewed a tree !

And many a leaf on me
Hath fall'n from off this tree
Of healing power! I know
Not yet how near the skies
Its lofty stem will rise;
Nor guess how deep below
To what drear vaults of woe
Its roots will pierce; I see
Its boughs spread wide and free,
And fowls[1] of every wing
Beneath them build and cling.
Hail, blessed Cross! I see
My life grow green in thee!
My life that hidden, mute
Lives ever in thy root,
When life fails utterly;
All hail, thou blessed Tree!

Quod stultum est Dei, sapientius est hominibus:
Et quod infirmum est Dei, fortius est hominibus.

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[1] *Ezekiel* xvii. 23.

SUMMA THEOLOGIÆ.

"In the cross of Christ excess in man is met by excess in God; excess of evil is mastered by excess of love."

BOURDALOUE.

NOW let me turn aside,
And look on this great Sign, uplifted high,
Where a broad river runs down silently
Until it reach the white and misty shore,
Margin to unknown worlds, where evermore
The deep sea moans and is not satisfied,
And life meets death in marshes wild and wide.

Above the meads in May,
Above the summer gardens of delight,
Above the gloomy forests where by night
The fierce beasts roam, and ask of God their prey;
Above the crowded city wild with sin,
Above the pleasant home by love shut in,

O'er all that blessed, blesses—all that curst
—Accurses! mute above our best and worst,
I see it rise, a strange, appealing sign.

Its shadow falls upon a region old
And wasted by the spoiler; thick with graves,
And pierced with sunless caverns, where, for gold,
Slaves toil unceasing, bound by stronger slaves.
A land of mighty hunters; he who flies
The arrow, lights upon the deadly snare,—
The lash and lure are theirs, behind them lies
A desert that was once a garden fair,
And after them a fire breaks forth that feeds
On the broad cedars, on the quivering reeds,
Fann'd by swift winds that sway its flickering
spire;
Yet would man snatch and win life's goodly prize,
Yet would he venture, conquer, and aspire,—
Now will I look upon my God that dies.

Enough of man's excess!
His waste and wassail trampling out his wine,
With hasty heel, from youth, joy, tenderness,
Now will I turn, my God, and look on thine

Profuse wert Thou Thy prodigal to bless,
Nor hast Thou spared from out the purple vine
A rich, full-mingled cup, to strain, and press,
And meet his loss with usury divine.

Now let me turn my gaze
On Love's best archer, sorely bitten, thrown
Aside by all his comrades, through amaze
And anguish of his wound, to die alone;
Yet he, sore-smitten archer, may not die!
Forsaken, shunned, abhorred and desolate,
Yet shall his arrows win back victory,
His bow arrest a doubtful combat's fate,
And he shall conquer surely, conquering late.

He saith to us, "Awhile,
A little while and ye shall see me." Lo!
On this our earth quick bitter harvests grow;
So must Love's patience slowly reconcile,
Pain, pleasure, death, together banded, mow,
And reap, nor care to gather in their sheaves,—
It is my God alone who waits and grieves;
Slow is his agony, his guerdon slow.

Yet for no other sign
I ask; I read within no other book,
When I within my God's deep heart would look
I turn not to his earth nor heavens that shine
And burn from age to age, yet speak no word:
Let my God speak to me! for I have heard
Strange voices on the earth, strange marvels
seen;
While the blue, silent heavens look'd on serene,
And the white moon-beam brought its message
clear,
Man's goodly frame was in the market sold
By men, and woman's smile made cheap for gold,
—Yet Thou, oh God! didst buy the soul more
dear!

So let the earth be old,
And, like a wicked Fate, from off her reel
Spin evil changes,—let the skies in cold
Clear splendour arch us in a vault of steel;
The heavens are far away, yet God is near;
I find a need divine
That meeteth need of mine;
No rigid fate I meet, no law austere;

I see my God who turns,
And o'er his creature yearns,—
Upon the cross God gives, and claims the tear.

And from this soul His love,
The slighted human soul that men despise,
Shall yet work out a wondrous work, above
All wonders of His earth and seas and skies;
Love, love that once for all did agonize,
Shall conquer all things to itself! if late
Or soon this fall, I ask not nor surmise,—
And when my God is waiting I can wait!

Christus crucifixus,
Dei potentia ac Dei sapientia!

SPONSALIA AMORIS ET DOLORIS.

"BEHOLD these lovers, that with looks elate
Upon each other gaze! who may they be
But Francis with his vow'd, his chosen mate,
His dearest Poverty!"

So Dante spake; "her kind
First husband[1] dead, she lived withdrawn from sight,
Nor ever thought a second spouse to find,
A second troth to plight."

"With bare and wounded feet
She trod the cruel thorns unwooed till now,
For none but holy Francis guess'd how sweet
The rose-bloom on her brow."

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[1] CHRIST. "She, bereaved
Of her first husband, slighted and obscure,
Thousand and hundred years and more remained
Without a single suitor, till he came."
Paradiso. Canto xi.

And now a lowly pair
They dwell content, possessing and possest,
And day by day grows Poverty more fair,
Grows Francis still more blest.

Yet to a sterner troth
Than Francis pledged, I bind you, spirits high!
Fear not to plight with mine your spousal oath,—
The bride is ever nigh.

But who her hand will fold
In his? her form unto his bosom strain?
What heart so tender found, what heart so bold
To be the mate of Pain?

What eyes can brook the gaze
Of her wild eyes? what ears can bear the moan
She maketh through dark nights and silent days,
That she hath dwelt alone?

Yet fear not thou to take
This woman for thy bride, oh soul elect!
Fear not thy choice, thy pride, thy joy to make
Of her whom all reject!

Oh! fear not thou to grasp
Her shrinking form, nor spare for fond caress,
Only within Love's strictest, closest clasp
Can Anguish learn to bless.

And quail not though she change
Within thine arms to some foul fearful shape,
Still hold her through each aspect wild and strange,
And let her not escape!

So shall she turn and meet
Thy gaze with ardours, transports all her own,
And give, for thine, look, smile and word more sweet
Than joy hath ever known.

So shall the willing air
Be wooed with softest marriage peal,—the knell
Toll'd for the passing of a long despair,—
Yea, down to deepest hell

Its sound will pass, and say,
"Rejoice thou under-world! a warfare long,
Confused, hath roll'd to victory away,—
The strong hath met the strong;

"Love weds with Pain,—let Sin
And Death abide, and deem their empire sure,
What now can be too hard for Love to win,
For Anguish to endure?"

THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.

"The Master sayeth, Where is the guest-chamber, that I may eat the Passover with my disciples?"

NOW Wisdom lifts on high
Her voice,—abroad a summons clear she sends
"Come hither, friends, and eat abundantly,
Yea, drink, beloved friends!"

My festal board is fair,
My banquet-chamber ready, on its chief
Long waiting, little need the heart prepare
To keep the feast of grief;

My wine is mingled strong
With myrrh! full mingled is it, spiced, and sweet;
This Passover with bitter herbs how long
Have I desired to eat.

Come, eat my bread,—nor shrink
My soul's deep, secret baptism to share;
Be strong, beloved friends, the cup to drink,
The Master's hand doth bear.

Be patient! from the north
The wind blows keen, the garden little yields
Of pleasant fruits, yet hath our Lord gone forth
To walk among the fields.

His steps have left the flowers,
He feeds no more among the lilies sweet,
A husbandman he toils through long cold hours,
With wounded hands and feet.

Come, reap with Him, for white
These fields and ready, thrust the sickle in;
The harvest stands but thicker for its blight
Of death, woe, want, and sin.

Come, glean the blasted ear
With Him, nor be the wither'd grass forgot
That waves upon the house-tops thin and sere,
By mower gather'd not.

To many a marish place,
Choked with the living wreck that on earth's fair,
Cold bosom drifts awhile and leaves no trace,
I bid your steps repair.

Unto the darken'd mine
I call you now, unto the burning plain,
To cells where fetter'd spirits moan and pine,
Where madness shakes its chain.

I bid you to the drear,
Dark house, unloved of all, where want and age,
Sit day by day,—and turn without a tear
Life's saddest, weariest page.

In homes unblest where care,
Grown fierce and reckless, turns at last and rends
The hearts she broods on; I would meet you there,
Oh, friends, beloved friends!

I tryst with you! I bid
Two long predestined lovers held apart,
By seas, storms, graves,—by flaming swords,—
unchid,
Now seek each other's heart.

Grief waits for love,—she turns
To that kind voice, nor will the strangers hear;
Upon her worn and wasted cheek she yearns
To feel love's burning tear.

Love seeks out grief,—he knows
No lips save his in fondest ministering,
From out her rankling wound, ere yet it close,
Can draw the deadly sting.

He fain unto his breast
Would draw her aching brow; uncomforted
He knoweth she hath dwelt in long unrest,—
She may not die unwed.

Hear, Earth and Heaven, their vow!
Whom God hath join'd in one let none divide;
Rejoice, O Heaven! be joyful, Earth, for now
The bridegroom meets the bride!

SCHOLA CRUCIS, SCHOLA LUCIS.

BENEATH Thy cross I stand,
Jesus, my Saviour, turn and look on me,
Oh! who are these, that one on either hand
Are crucified with Thee?

The one that turns away
With sullen, scoffing lip,—and one whose eyes
Close o'er the words,—"Yet shalt thou be this day
With me in Paradise."

Here would I fain behold
This twofold mystery! Love's battle won;
Its warfare ended, and its ransom told,
Its conquest but begun!

I say not to thee now,
"Come from the cross, and then will I believe;"
Oh, lift me up to Thee, and teach me how
To love and how to grieve.

Stay on the cross, until
Thou art of all confess'd, of all adored;
Be there each ling'ring heart, each wav'ring will,
Made fast unto its Lord.

I track'd thy footsteps long,
For where Thou wert, there would Thy servant be;
But now methought the silence, now the throng,
Would part me still from thee.

I sought Thee 'mid the leaves,
I find Thee on the dry and blasted tree;
I saw thee not, until I saw the thieves
There crucified with Thee!

SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES.

"Who cometh first, marching before the Divine hosts? Gabriel, *accustomed to bring good tidings of great joy to men.* He says, 'Lift up yourselves, ye gates; be broken, chains; open, everlasting doors, make a highway for the Lord;' then a shudder passes through Hell, its deep foundations are shaken, prison after prison is broken up, the conquering host penetrates into deeper gulfs. Adam himself, who, as being the first to die, *is deepest sunk in death,* hears the steps of the Lord visiting the captives, and turning to those who are chained with him, he says, 'I hear the step of some one who draws near to us; if He deigns to descend here we are delivered, if we do but see Him we are saved!' As Adam speaks thus, the Saviour enters bearing His cross. So soon as Adam our father sees him, he smites upon his breast, and says, 'God our Saviour bringing with Him all His angels.' Jesus answered, '*And bringing with him thy soul.*'"—*From a Homily by* EPIPHANIUS.

WHAT place is this forlorn,
A palace, or a prison, or a tomb?
What waste, wide world is this, what realm outworn,
Compact of fire and gloom?

What aspects vast and drear
Are these that rise around, with eyes for hate
Too blank, that through the darkness search and peer,
Fix'd in impassive Fate?

What sea is this? what shore?
What sullen, tidal moan that still recedes?
What waves are these that cast up evermore
Weeds, foul and clinging weeds?

Weeds, weeds around my hands,
Weeds, weeds around my heart, that choke and press,
And drag my spirits downwards unto lands
Of dire forgetfulness.

Weeds, weeds about my head
Are wrapp'd, I said, "The darkness covers me;"
But even while I spake *among the dead,*
I knew my soul was free.

One cometh on the wings
Of morn, to Him the darkness is as light,
He seeks my soul, he saves it from the kings
Of Hades and of Night.

He cometh, o'er my woes
A victor, purple in His garment's stain,
Red with the life-blood of his conquer'd foes
And mine—death, sin, and pain.

As one that on the vine
Treads in the bursting wine-vat, He hath trod
The press alone, and trampled out a wine
Ripe for the wrath of God.

He binds within His crown
The thorn that rankled with so sharp a pang,
Beneath His kingly heel He treadeth down
The adder's piercing fang.

Before His breath the bands
That held me fall and shrivel up in flame.
He bears my name upon His wounded hands,
Upon His heart my name.

I wait, my soul doth wait
For Him who on His shoulder bears the key;
I sit fast bound, and yet not desolate,
My mighty Lord is free.

Be thou up-lifted, Door
Of everlasting strength! the Lord on high
Hath gone, and captive led for evermore
My long captivity.

What though these rocks be steep,
The valley dusk, with crowding shadows dim,
Ere Tophet was of old made large and deep,
I was beloved of Him!

"QUID DIXIT, MARIA?"

WHAT said He, Mary, unto thee?
For it was thine His voice to hear,
When thou wert waiting in the gloom
Of twilight dawn, and by the tomb,
He talk'd with thee when none were near;
Oh, happy thus thy Lord to see!
What said He, Mary, unto thee?"

"Few words He said to me, I hide
Each word He said within my heart;
Fain had I won Him to abide,
Yet soon I knew that I must part
With Him, my Master, Lord, and Guide.
I met His eye, His voice I heard,
I saw His wounded hands and feet,
He call'd me by my name, no word
Was ever to my soul so sweet;
And by His tomb He bade me stay
Until the breaking of the day!"

"But see, the hills are all a-glow,
The sunrise cleaves its path of gold

Through many a darken'd valley low,
And fires the mountain summits cold.
What flowers unclose! what herbs of price!
What costly gums for sacrifice
Are dropping now!" "The hills are high,
I cannot reach them, lest I die;
And by His cross He bid me dwell
Until the evening shadows fell."

"Yet rise, thy Lord hath risen! Behold,
From Hades now He bears away
The gates, and snatches from the hold
Of death and sin a mighty prey;
His soul hath pass'd afar! to Him
The darkness shines as doth the day!
Why linger 'mid the shadows dim?
Why watch the place where Jesus lay?"

"Beside His tomb, beside His cross
He bade me rest! Ye speak in vain
Who have not known my gain nor loss;
The Master's words are kind and plain,
He calls the wounded not to pain,
The weary unto conflict sore;
He bids the wayworn not again

Retrace their fruitless wanderings o'er;
He led me to this place! He knew
My soul upon the burning plain
Where riseth from the earth no dew,
Where falleth from the heavens no rain;
He track'd my steps 'mid forests old
And tangled, where the flowers awake
In torrid midnight gloom, and hold
Death's revel in the jungle brake;
Yea! he hath known my soul in cold,
The deadly frost that none can bide,
The formless vapours, white and dim,
Became my shroud, and yet from Him
Conceal'd me not! whate'er betide
I clasp the cross! the earth is wide,
And drear, and old! the heavens are far!
For guide to me He gave no star,
But near His cross He bid me stay
Until the shadows fled away!

"To me He said not, 'Thou shalt rise
With Me, thy risen Lord this day,
And be with Me in Paradise,'
Beside the cross He bade me stay;
He met me in the garden's gloom,

But to that garden, sweet and dim,
Or through its angel-guarded gate,
He sent me not! I wait for Him
Beside His cross, beside His tomb;
I wait for Him, my soul doth wait,
And by the cross I will abide,
And keep the word my Lord hath given.
Except the cross and Him who died
Upon it, now in earth or Heaven
What own I, claim I? now below
I seek no further, here is woe
Assuaged for ever; now above
I look no longer; here is love!

Third Part.

"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Galatians ii. 20.

L'ENVOI.

TO me how many tasks
Love gave in youth, and I was well content;
Only to stand and wait a lover asks;
And yet my spirit, bent
By pain and strife, forewent
Its steadfast service long
Ere the sweet evensong.

Yet oft will Love return
And sweetly talk with me, most like a friend
Austere and proved, whose words, perchance, are stern,
Yet in whose eyes (that while he speaketh bend
To meet my own) such gentleness I find,
That all his speech seems pitiful and kind.

Love saith to me, "Repent;"
Love saith to me, "Believe;"
Love sayeth oft-times, "Grieve
That thou hast little lent,
That thou hast little given,
To Him, thy Lord in Heaven,
And when He cometh what wilt Thou receive?"

Love sayeth to me, "Pray
That thou mayst meet that day
Desired yet feared;" and oft-times Love again
Repeats these words, and oh! my spirit then,
What sayest thou? "I say
To all Love sayeth, Yea,
Yea evermore, and evermore Amen!"

THE SUN-FLOWER.

TILL the slow daylight pale,
A willing slave, fast bound to one above,
I wait; he seems to speed, and change, and fail;
I know he will not move.

I lift my golden orb
To his, unsmitten when the roses die,
And in my broad and burning disk absorb
The splendours of his eye.

His eye is like a clear
Keen flame that searches through me; I must droop
Upon my stalk, I cannot reach his sphere;
To mine he cannot stoop.

I win not my desire,
And yet I fail not of my guerdon; lo!
A thousand flickering darts and tongues of fire
Around me spread and glow;

All ray'd and crown'd, I miss
No queenly state until the summer wane,
The hours flit by; none knoweth of my bliss,
And none has guess'd my pain;

I follow one above,
I track the shadow of his steps, I grow
Most like to him I love
Of all that shines below.

SITA.

Sita, the divine spouse of Rama, is torn from him by evil genii, under whose power she long remains. When after a protracted separation, Sita is again restored to Rama, he turns from her coldly, under the idea that during her cruel bondage and long wanderings she may have met with contamination. She appeals to the ordeal of fire and flings herself within it, adjuring the flame, as searching all things, to bear witness to her purity. The fire restores her "faultless, pure, immaculate, one who has never offended against her lord in speech, in heart, in eyes."

DEATH-SMITTEN with a look
From him she loved, of doubt and question cold,
She turn'd from him she loved without rebuke,
And stood amazed; then spake out keen and bold,
As one whose grief already is too old
For fond reproach:
"All pain except this pain,
To live and meet his cold averted eye;
All shame, except his lofty, still disdain;

All other outrage schemed 'twixt earth and sky
I have endured for ages, still upborne
By thought of Rama's love; I meet his scorn;
Come Fire, and end this undream'd agony."

And even while she spake
She fell a flame within the flame, as light
As melts upon the stream a snowy flake
The fire sent forth—a thousand lambent bright
Swift flickering tongues, each one that did pro-
claim
Her pure and stainless, "*Sita, free from blame.*"
The flame caress'd her scarlet vesture's pride,
No flower that garlanded her forehead shrank,
Her bosom glow'd; as one that doth deride
Her fate she stood serene as though she drank
The flame's fierce breath.

Then sang she, "Oh, thou keen
Attesting flame! Thou callest me by name,
Thou sayest to me, Welcome, free from blame
In thought, word, deed, unstain'd! and yet the
same

Were I, still Sita, still a blameless Queen,
Hadst Thou too join'd with all to work me shame!

Had all on Earth made cause
With all in Heaven to drag me unto ill,
I had been ever pure, and to the laws
That bound me ever true! rememb'ring still,
Rama's deep eyes, and all the heaven we shared
'Mid the high hills, in many a balmy cleft,
And chasm the warm thunder scarce had left.
Yea! let my spirit to its depths be bared,
Still were I pure! though ages past away,
And found me still the demon's scoff and prey
Through spells accurst, or left me drifted, driven
Through Hell's wide vaults; still trampled on,
despised,
My soul was his, although our lives were riven,
Yea, scorn'd and outraged, agonized, abhorr'd,
Still I was Rama's love, and he was Sita's Lord!

And Thou, oh, champion, late
And sure! Thou Fire that, searching all things,
dost proclaim
Me pure and stainless! Sita, free from blame!

Hadst thou, too, leagued thyself with iron Fate,
Hadst join'd the cruel earth and bitter sky
To leave forsaken Sita desolate;
Then from itself unto itself my soul
Would witness to the whole;
Still to itself my heart would testify
And prove me Sita! Sita still the pride
Of Heaven, the cherish'd Bride
Of Rama, fair and uncontaminate."

She ceased, nor to the sky
Nor sun appealing turned; nor yet the eye
Of Rama sought; but stood as one compelled
To speak the words she utter'd, not in pride,
Nor wrath, nor scorn, but even as impell'd
By stedfast truth. So stood she, self-upheld,
And before all the worlds, self-justified.

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

THOU gavest me no kiss,
Jesus, my Master! oft I sadly thought
Perchance Thou choosest to be found unsought;
And I was ever seeking! yet in this
I cannot change, and even should I miss
Thee on thy way, yet here I will abide,
And track thy foot-prints to the dark stream's
side.

Thou gavest unto me
No sign! I knew no loving secret, told
As oft to men beloved, and I must hold
My peace when these would speak of converse
high;
Jesus, my Master, yet I would be nigh
When these would speak, and in the words
rejoice,
Of them who listen to the Bridegroom's voice.

Thou gavest unto me
No goodly gift, no pearl of price untold,
No signet-ring, no ruby shut in gold,
No chain around my neck to wear for pride,
For love no token in my breast to hide;
Yea! these, perchance, from out my careless hold
Had slipped, perchance some robber shrewd and
bold
Had snatch'd them from me! so Thou didst provide
For me, my Master kind, *from day to day;*
And in this world, Thine Inn, Thou badst me
stay,
And saidst,—"What Thou spendest, I will pay."

I never heard Thee say
"Bring forth the robe for this My son, the best,"
Thou gavest not to me, as unto guest
Approved, a festal mantle rich and gay;
Still singing, ever singing, in the cold
Thou leavest me, without Thy Door to stay;
Now the Night draweth on, the Day is old,
And Thou hast never said,—"Come in, my
Friend,"—
Yet once, yea twice, methinks thy love did send

A secret message,—"Bless'd unto the end
Are they that love and they that still endure."
Jesus, my Saviour, take to Thee Thy poor,
Take home Thy humble Friend.

ELECTION.

WHO shall the secret learn
Of Thine exclusion stern?
Thy word, thy world write bitter things and plain,
Yet doth the heart appeal,
From lore their books unseal,
And ask, "Can aught that lives love, suffer, yearn
in vain?"

Pain shall my witness be
That I am loved by Thee;
Before Thy worlds were framed, within Thy
Book
Were all my members writ;
Upon my substance, yet
Unfashion'd, Thou didst look:
Then from Thy breath was lit
A furnace, deep and vast;
Yet didst thou weigh the blast

The while Thou feedest the keen flame, and see
The sum of things Thou didst prepare for me.

Need shall my witness be
That I am loved of Thee;
No work of Thine, my God, is from Thee thrown
With careless hand! sun, moon, and steadfast
star,
And wave that moans and strives against its bar
Is held to Thee! the moss unto its stone.
Thou takest care for all! the spider clings
And lays her hold in palaces of kings,
The fierce beasts roam by night, uncouth and
wild
And yet, beloved, Thou wilt not leave Thy child;
Thou wilt not break the reed
Which Thou hast bruised; the vine
Unclasp, that seeks to twine
Around the elm, nor bid its tendrils bleed;
Nor will Thy soul reject
Him whom Thou dost elect
To be Thine own through weakness, search, and
need.

Love shall my witness be
That I am loved of Thee:
The red pomegranate bursts not till it shows
Within its breast the dark, well-ripen'd seed;
The heart most nigh to breaking learns and knows
The fulness of its wealth through very need;
When fire is kindled on the earth it glows
In highest Heaven; none run uncall'd, none love
Unloved; below, above,
Thy works are many, but Thy Name is One:
Who speaks of doom, of Fate
Thou dost predestinate,
Through Love the soul that loves to be Thine own.

Thou hast given me a heart to desire,
Thou hast given me a soul to aspire,
A spirit to question and plead;
I ask not what Thou hast decreed;
I think but of love and of need;

Thou art rich, Thou art kind, Thou art free ;
What joy shall be failing to me
Whom Thou lovest ? Thy smile and Thy kiss
Can give me back all that I miss,
In Thy presence is fulness of bliss:
I ask not its nature ! I know
It is life, it is youth, it is love,
It is all that is wanting below,
It is all that is waiting above.

Is it peace that I crave ? is it rest ?
Is it love that would bless and be blest ?
All, all that Thou takest away,
Thou canst give me again, in a day,
In an hour, in a moment ! Thy hand
Is full, and I open my breast
For the flower of my soul to expand !

BURIED, BUT NOT DEAD.

" What now dost thou bury
" So softly and still?
" Oh! this is the grave
" Of my own proud will."
" I bid it sleep softly in Death's little room,
" And my hopes, too, I bury with it in the tomb."

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

BETWIXT the light of the rising sun,
And the light of the waning moon,
Along the grassy forest path,
Fair Knight, thou speedest soon!
A chill faint Dawn is on the sky,
And through the wood a breath
Runs fresh, yet cold as is the sigh
That comes 'twixt life and death.

The forest paths are green and lone,
The forest shade is deep,
The secrets on its stillness thrown
It knoweth well to keep;

And some will seek the forest glade,
  A deadly strife to end;
And some there are will seek its shade,
  To meet a gentle friend.

Yet on this brow I read no frown
  Of foeman's vengeful ire,
And in this quiet eye cast down
  No light of soft desire;
Not thus they look who meet by night
  Beneath the blossom'd thorn,
And cry, when breaks the Eastern light,
  "How quickly comes the morn!"

A little bird upon the bough
  Sang clear, a light breeze stirr'd
The thick, dark summer leaves, but now
  I know not if he heard
The whisper of the summer leaves,
  The carol of the bird.

A little brook beside his way
  Ran chafing, chiding long;
I know not if he marked its play,
  Or heard its ceaseless song;

At length he near'd a green, smooth place
  Within the thickest shade,
A still, fair, solitary place,
  For quiet spirits made.

And in that solitary place
  He knelt and pray'd to God,
I saw no mound beneath his knees,
  No heaving of the sod:
Unstirr'd I saw the grasses lie,
  Unstirr'd the daisies wave;
A pleasant spot, and yet I knew
  He knelt upon a grave.

He lifted up his steel-clad hands,
  "I bring to Thee the first,
I bring to Thee," he said, "the last
  Fond hope that I have nursed;
The wish that strengthen'd with my strength,
  And with my being grew;
And the last sweet, silent dream that crept
  Close to my heart, and drew
So soft a breath that if it slept
  Or woke, I scarcely knew.

On earth, in Heaven, whom have I now
  But thee,—in death, in life?
Oh, bind my spirit with the vow
  That makes an end of strife!

"The Dead above their dead may wail,
  The living live to Thee,
Oh, First and Last! Thou dost not fail
  For Thou art strong; and we,
Thy little ones, are weak and frail,
  And Thou, our Lord, art free,
And we with heavy bands are bound;
  But now of bond or free
I reck not,—bitter turns to sweet,—
  I see Thy hands, I see Thy feet;
My dearest Lord, I see
  Thy wounded heart! Oh, be Thou found
  For First and Last to me!"

He rose and went upon his way;
  A moving to and fro
Was in the woods, as of a calm,
  Strong wind that gathers slow:

No dew lay on the grassy dell,
The sky was cloudless-clear,
Yet from the clear, bright heavens there fell
A solitary tear.

And through the woven boughs—I saw
The glory of the sky
Look down,—I saw the forest flowers
In quiet bloom and die,—
I saw the lowly grasses bend,
I saw the daisies wave;
Oh! Jesus, loving to the end,
Thou knowest of that grave!

RECEIVING.

"Non vox sed votum, non chordula musica sed cor,
Non clamans sed amans, cantat in aure Dei."

MY heart is fixed on One above,—
To win His smile, to please His eyes
My heart is fain: because I love,
I serve,—nor yet with tears and sighs;
By patient duty love must rise,—
And late and early, far and near
I sought Him gifts; to Him are dear
The things that others still despise.

I sought for Him in Spring-time cold;
The trembling palm that comes in haste,
The little crocus all in gold,
The slender snow-drop, and the bold
Mezereon, on its leafless stem,
Fair things that do not fear to waste
Their gentle souls! and after them

Another store I chanced to find
Of things forgotten, left behind.

Some soft white fleece by briers torn
From off the flock,—some ear of corn
Dropt careless from the gleaner's breast,
The last red berry on the thorn,
Or prize of some forsaken nest.

There came on earth a weary time;
If this be Autumn, where is now
The fruit upon the laden bough,
The harvest redd'ning in the broad
Calm sunshine, where the squirrels hoard,
The winding clear of hunter's horn?
Leaves only, wither'd leaves I found;
A mournful silence, mournful sound
Of wind that rustled through the sere,
Stark boughs, and from the shrunken ear
Shook out the thin and blighted corn.

But while I mourn'd thereat, more clear
Than song of bird at Autumn eve,
A voice was borne upon mine ear,

A voice that said, "Why wilt thou grieve,
And must I still from thee receive?
How hast thou learnt which pleaseth best
The gift thou bringest, or the free
Firm open palm held up to me?
The less is of the greater blest.

"*Remember what on earth I spake.*"
"Oh then," I said, "at this Thy word
I take Thee now, through zeal I erred,
Through love, that bids me now confess
My fault; to give be Thine! to bless
Is Thine; dear Lord, to Thee I leave
The greater blessing! with the less,
So well content I will not grieve
From Thee for ever to receive,

"And still receive! and never cease
To gaze on all this wealth of Thine,
To joy in all Thy flocks' increase,
Far more than if my cup with wine
And oil ran o'er, and store of wheat
In finest flour, and honey sweet
From out the stony rock were mine!

"'To give than to receive more blest!'
Thou saidest. Oh, Thou Giver free!
Good measure, shaken down and press'd
Together, now I ask from Thee;
Oh! give to me, dear Lord, and still
Increase Thy boons! make broad the place
Where Thou dost dwell in me, and fill
My hands with gifts, my heart with grace;
But let me look upon Thy face.
What need to mourn if Thou on mine
But little comeliness should trace
When love can give me all of Thine?
The loved are fair, the loved are dress'd
In garments rich and fresh and rare.
Oh! bless Thou me and I am blest,
Oh! love Thou me and I am fair!"

DECLENSION AND REVIVAL.

"From Me is thy fruit found."—*Hosea* xiv. 8.

DIE to thy root, sweet flower!
If so God wills, die even to thy root;
Live there awhile an uncomplaining, mute,
Blank life, with darkness wrapp'd about thy head,
And fear not for the silence round thee spread.
This is no grave, though thou among the dead
Art counted, but the Hiding-place of Power;
Die to thy root, sweet flower!

Spring from thy root, sweet flower!
When so God wills, *spring even from thy root;*
Send through the earth's warm breast a quicken'd
shoot,
Spread to the sunshine, spread unto the shower,
And lift into the sunny air thy dower
Of bloom and odour; life is on the plains
And in the woods a sound of buds and rains

That sing together; lo! the winter's cold
Is past! sweet scents revive, thick buds unfold;
Be thou, too, willing in the Day of Power,
Spring from thy root, sweet flower!

VESPERS.

WHEN I have said my quiet say,
When I have sung my little song,
How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
The valley and the hill along;
How sweet the summons, "Come away"
That calls me from the busy throng!

I thought beside the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves,
I thought in Autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free,
And blest, my Lord, I come to Thee.

What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of Spring or Summer rains!
What matter now for purpose crost,
For broken hopes and wasted pains;

What if the olive little yields,
What if the grape be blighted? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine.

Thou lovest still the poor; oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confess'd,
I love the rich in loving Thee!
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands
The surer to be fill'd from Thine!

"THE MEEK SHALL INCREASE THEIR JOY IN THE LORD."

SO spake the hoary thyme,
Half hidden in the grass:
I watch from morning prime
Until my Lord shall pass.

How bright beneath the sun,
How sweet within the glade,
The flow'rets ope, each one
Beloved by Him who made
His flowers that live in light,
His flowers that live in shade.

The primroses are pale,
Yet fair; the violet grows
Beneath her leafy veil,
And be she pale none knows,
Or be she fair, so sweet her soul that overflows.

But all my head is strew'd
With ashes grey; and bent
Beneath the footfall rude,
Steals forth my timid scent,
Crush'd from a leaf that curls its wound to
hide content.

Why should my Lord delight
In me? Behold how fair
His garden is! How bright
His roses blowing there;
His lilies all like queens, that know not toil
nor care,

In white calm peace on high
Each rears a blossom'd rod;
The gentian low doth lie,
Yet lifts from up the sod
An eye of steadfast blue, that looks up
straight to God.

I wait my Lord to greet,
I can but love and sigh;
I watch his eye to meet,

He can but pass me by;
And if his hasty feet
Should crush me, it were sweet
Beneath his feet to die.

II.

My Love, my Lord, has gone
Down to his garden fair,
To tell o'er his roses, one by one,
And to gather lilies there;

Now will I rise and sing
A song which I have made,
Unto my Lord the King,
Nor will I be afraid
To ask him of his flowers that spring
In sunshine and in shade.

"Oh, what are these roses bright,
That in thy garland blow?
These roses red as blood,
These roses white as snow?"

"These blood-red roses grew
  On a field with battle dyed;
These snow-white roses strew
  A path that is not wide;
None seek that path but they who seek
  Him who was crucified!"

"*Oh, what are these lilies tipp'd*
  With fire, that sword-like gleam?
Oh, what are these lilies dipp'd
  As in the pale moon-beam,
That quiver with unsteadfast light,
  And shine as through a dream?"

"These fiery spirits pass'd
  From earth through sword and flame;
These quiet souls at last
  Through patience overcame:
These shine like stars on high, and these
  Have left no trace nor name;
I bind them in one wreath, because
  Their triumph was the same."

"*Oh, what are these flowers that wake*
So cheerful to the morn,
All wet with tears of early dew;
And these that droop forlorn,
With heavy drops of night drench'd through?"
"These little flowers of cheerful hue
Familiar by the wayside grew,
And these among the corn.

"And these, that o'er a ruin wave
Their crimson flag, in fight,
Were wounded sore, yet still are brave
To greet the scent and sight;
And these I found upon a grave,
All wet with drops of night.

"And some I have that will unfold
When night is dusk and still,
And some I have that keep their hold
Upon the wind-swept hill;
These shrink not from the summer heat,
They do not fear the cold,
And all of these I know for sweet,
For patient and for bold."

"*Thou bearest flowers within thy hand,*
Thou wearest on thy breast
A flower; now tell me which of these
Thy flowers thou lovest best;
Which wilt thou gather to thy heart
Beloved above the rest?"

"Should I not love my flowers,
My flowers that bloom and pine,
Unseen, unsought, unwatch'd for hours
By any eyes but mine?

"Should I not love my flowers?
I love my lilies tall,
My marigolds with constant eyes,
Each flower that blows, each flower that dies
To me, I love them all.

"I gather to a heavenly bower
My roses fair and sweet,
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside my feet."

CHRIST'S GARLAND.

THE world with stately tread
Moves down the terrace walk,
To pluck, from garden bed,
From off its dainty stalk
The rose, the silken rose—the rose whose splendour
Is but the luxury of light grown tender;
The rose, that makes the very summer round her
More warm, more blissful only to have found her;
The golden sunbeams in their falling bless her,
The winds that steal her balmy breath caress her;
She breathes, she blooms, she dies in joy; her duty
Is to be fair and glad; her life is beauty;
Love wooes her, wins her, pleasure will not leave her,
The sharp thorn guards her well, but does not grieve her,
To all she giveth free, yet none bereave her.

Ho for the rose! but by the bitter sea,
Torn by the vexing gale, and by the spray
O'er-wash'd, the rosemary
Lives on from day to day
With deep strange scent, that yet
Cleaves, like a vain regret;
Unblessing she, unbless'd,
Unwoo'd and uncaress'd,
Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me.

The lover seeks some fair
Exotic bloom that breathes through leaf and stem
Its soul upon the heavy weighted air,
The myrtle dark, the rich geranium,
Are his; all blossoms delicate and rare;
His too are violets dim,
And sweet and hid! for him
The sweetbrier, and the woodbine dusk that run
Their wild warm souls in one,
Till in their clasp and in their kiss unending,
None knows, so close, so kind, so sure their blending,
Which is the sweeter, which of them the fairer,
And which of bliss is giver, which is sharer;

But by the common way
Grow flowers that are not gay
Nor sweet like these, and if ye chance to name them
Weeds, only weeds, ye will not seem to blame them;
Weeds, only weeds, perchance, these flowers may be,
Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me.

The child beneath his feet
Finds flowers, so many flowers,
He counts by them his fleet,
Bright days' unlingering hours;
So many, that for best
He takes the nearest still,
And still hath flowers, his breast
And clasping hands to fill;
He seeks the moor where burns
The furze; the scented plume
Of meadow sweet, the bloom
Of May, the hedge-row ferns;
And all his flowers are cool
And fresh! above the pool

They lean, or in the pleasant pastures blow,
Yet by the ruin's edge,
And on the crater's ledge,
And by the glacier, underneath the snow,
Upon the dreary hill,
On cottage window sill,
Are other flowers unsought, unsung that be,
Yet fair enough, my Lord, for Thee and me!

VENI, VENI, EMMANUEL!

"Then went out the inhabitants of the town of Mansoul with haste to the green trees and to the meadows, to gather boughs and flowers, therewith to strew the streets against their Prince, the son of Shaddai, should come; they also made garlands and other fine works, to betoken how joyful they were, and should be, to receive their Emmanuel into Mansoul; they also prepared for his coming what music the town might afford, that they might play before him to the palace, his habitation."

BUNYAN'S *Holy War.*

WHO cometh now from Edom's height,
From Bozrah's rock-girt fortress hold?
A conqueror, travelling in His might,
A kingly champion, long foretold.

Alone, upon Thy way, alone
Thou comest from the hills of pride;
And with Thee of Thy people, none
The triumph share, the spoil divide.

Thou sawest there was none to aid,
No Saviour for our race beheld;
Thy vengeance then its pathway made,
And Thine own fury Thee upheld.

Ride on, ride on, elect of God,
Thy feet are on the necks of Kings;
Thy glittering spear, Thine iron rod,
Shall guide Thy hand to fearful things.

Why art Thou in Thy garments red?
Thy feet have track'd the crimson stair
That leadeth from the hills of dread,
From fierce red-handed Esau's lair.

A fiery flush around Thee lies,
In fire behind Thee sinks the sun,
Yet is Thy vesture dipped in dyes
From ruddy sky and soil* unwon.

Thy robes are sprinkled as with wine,
And purpled with a costly stain;
As one that treadeth out the vine
Thy feet have trampled on the slain.

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* See Note 2.

As one who treadeth on the grape,
Thy feet on princes and on powers
Have trampled ! let not one escape,
But crush to earth Thy foes and ours.

Yea ! beat them small before the wind,
And smite and scatter them to dust ;
To Thy swift chariot firmly bind
The cruel Lords of hate and lust.

Ride on, Thy mission to fulfil ;
And let the promptings of Thy hand
Be terror, wrath, and anguish still,
Till not a foe Thy might withstand.

The ancient Dragon in the sea
Thy sharp and biting sword shall feel ;
And on the serpent's head shall be
The vengeance of Thy bruised heel.

And forth Thy keen and cleaving darts
Shall fly with sure incessant aim ;
Till all Thine arrows reach the hearts
Of them that wrought Thy people shame.

Then come to heal Thy people's smart,
And with Thee bring Thy captive train;
Come Saviour of the world and heart,
Come, mighty Victor over pain!

And let Thy champing war-steed browse
Upon the green and springing vine;
And feed on the young olive boughs,—
Thou wilt not hurt the oil and wine.

And let our Earth's wild story cease
Its broken tale of wrong and tears;
Come, Lord of Salem, Prince of Peace,
And bring again our vanish'd years!

THOU bearest in Thy hand a book,
None other may its clasps unseal;
No eyes but mine and Thine may look
On what its crowded lines reveal.

Yet fair, gold letter'd, now within
Each line another line I see,
The tale of all that might have been;
And Thou wilt read it o'er with me;

And with Thy guiding help, I pierce
Life's labyrinth now no longer vain;
The love that frees the universe
Hath made its broken story plain.

Thou wearest on Thy kingly breast
A little flower that faded soon,
A flower unwooed and uncaress'd
By summer in its golden noon.

A flower beside a stream that grew
In mossy wood-walks, dank and wild,—
The first of all the flowers I knew,
The treasure of a lonely child.

Within Thine eye divine I read
A love exact, a pity sure,
Minute and tender, taking heed
Of all that human hearts endure.

That blends within its mighty scope
Thy vast design, our feeble plan,
And brings again each faded hope,
In giving back his God to Man.

And art Thou come with us to dwell,
Our Prince, our Guide, our Love, our Lord?
And is thy name Emmanuel,
God present with His world restored?

The world is glad for Thee! the rude
Wild moor, the city's crowded pen;
Each waste, each peopled solitude,
Becomes a home for happy men.

The heart is glad for Thee! it knows
None now shall bid it err or mourn;
And o'er its desert breaks the rose
In triumph o'er the grieving thorn.

Thou bringest all again; with Thee
Is light, is space, is breadth and room
For each thing fair, beloved, and free,
To have its hour of life and bloom.

Each heart's deep instinct unconfess'd;
Each lowly wish, each daring claim;
All, all that life hath long repress'd,
Unfolds, undreading blight or blame.

Thy reign eternal will not cease;
Thy years are sure, and glad, and slow;
Within Thy mighty world of peace
The humblest flower hath leave to blow,

And spread its leaves to meet the sun,
And drink within its soul the dew;
The child's sweet laugh like light may run
Through life's long day, and still be true;

The maid's fond sigh, the lover's kiss,
The firm warm clasp of constant friend;
And nought shall fail, and nought shall miss
Its blissful aim, its blissful end.

The world is glad for Thee! the heart
Is glad for Thee! and all is well,
And fixed, and sure, because THOU ART,
Whose name is call'd Emmanuel.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 1.

"And thou
Frail wind-swept flower that in the dim
Green woods must fade."

The wood anemone, or wind-flower, a nymph beloved by Zephyr. This aroused the jealousy of Flora, who banished her from her court, and changed her into a flower, *which always blooms before the return of Spring* She is meanwhile unprotected in her too early bloom, and wooed by the rough north wind; which fails to win her love, but disturbs her peace and causes her to fade quickly.

Note 2. Page 130.

"Dyes
From ruddy sky and soil unwon."

Who is He that cometh from Bozrah? This ancient city of Edom, upon which, in connection with Edom and Teman, destruction has been pronounced by God (see Jeremiah xlix. 7 to 22; and the whole prophecy of Obadiah,) whose inhabitants dwelt "*in the clefts of the rocks,*" and the "heights of the hills, and made their house" like the nests of the eagles, has been identified with the modern village of Busareh, among the mountains north of Petra. All travellers in this region have been struck with the peculiarly vivid red of its rocks and soil (see Stanley's glowing description), which seems to give an added meaning to the expression in the text; "the dyed garments from Edom" enhance the idea of vengeance having been executed in a land already tinged with the hues of doom.

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